

# Give It Up

## Felt

Verse 1:

(Slug)

I sit in the back of the chamber  
away from the strangers, like i'm a big banger  
fuck your theories, clearly it's a myriad  
of weak characters, the second to last periods  
put the asterisk by ya name  
with a footnote explainin the shattered glass frame  
the gas came, the smile was afflicted  
they called it fame, highly addictive

(MURS)

I graduated like a cylinder, my signature  
can't be recognized by you miniscule miniatures  
consumate con artists, conning all you con-formers  
pushin my penmanship, pinnacle per-formance  
a peg leg, a prophet through piracy  
i still sell, indulge in the irony  
and i will be the last man standin  
screamin 'land, ho' and sink ya whole damn planet

(Slug)

Give it up, give it here, i want full attention  
sharpen up the number-2, time to start the testin  
sentences etched into the development  
confliction internal, at war with ya skeleton

(MURS)

i got an air-tight alibi, no holes in my story  
got some hood homies that can hold that for me  
it's new ways to get high, but all of that bore me  
don't wanna be strung out on coke when your 40

(Chorus) (Aesop Rock)

Let's put it together, or drown separate  
do not let ?? eyes like X's  
do not let ?? facilitate  
eyes like X's, tongues like figure-8's  
get it together, or bow separate  
do not let ?? eyes like X's

do not let ?? facilitate  
eyes like X's, tongues like figure-8's

Verse 2:  
(MURS)

Here it is, a big day for the little rhymers  
puttin out a new record, all they do is criticize us  
all up on the internet, they analyze us, then they doubt us  
can't they see these men are riders, all that do is energize us  
powered up, you sittin wit that sour cup  
cryin over spilled milk, mad cause your hour's up  
it's our turn, better luck next time  
get yours, til then, respect mine

(Slug)

I'm a product of too many Minnesota winters  
go figure, they call me a go-getter  
had a fetish for puttin letters together  
did it for the adventure, cause we know better, there's no treasure  
just sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, and guns  
and a visit to the dentist every 24 months  
i never expected peaches or plums  
that's why i speak to your face, and keep my hands on your lunch

(MURS)

Boss up, or bow down to big timers  
we down low, dodgin all you dick-riders  
see me talkin to a chick, you know i'm tryin to take her home  
cock-block my convo, i'm crackin yo camera phone

(Slug)

I'm hollerin, cause my tolerance is thin  
i'm callin offense moves wit my defense in  
gotta watch you fools wit every open eye  
don't forget to watch them ones that try to hold you high (you know that's riiiiight)

(Chorus)

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Lyrics submitted by Deronte.

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